

For the First Edition

Itzig, the reporter's boy, of whose heroism at a tenement house fire I told the readers a year or more ago, was lying sound asleep on the sofa in the office one morning. His day of work began at four o'clock, so when he did not go early to bed the night before, he was apt to be sleepy by eight o'clock. It was eight o'clock now.

The morning was dull, with no sign of news, so the city editor had no cause of complaint. But the sight of Itzig's great, fat, moonlike face, so placid and so red, suggested an idea to him.

"I zig," he called, sharply. "All right, Where's the fire?" The boy was on his feet, alert and ready.

"There is no fire, I zig. There is nothing at all. That is why I call upon you, sir. You go down to the emigrant bureau and get me a story. A ship is in with two hundred Russian Jews aboard.

The city editor turned to his desk. I zig looked at him a moment, then asked: "Make or take?"

"No take, sir. Make a story, a good one for the first edition."

Itzig was soon on his way to the barge office, which is the reception place, at present, for the immigrants who land in New York. The officials all knew him, and he passed in with a nod and a 'Good morning' through gate after gate, from one 'pen' to another, gliding in and out among the crowd of immigrants from the ship which had come in overnight. There were men, women and children in all sorts of odd, gay colored peasant costumes, but the general effect was anything but gay. It was most depressing.

These people, ignorant, poor, able to speak only some dialect of a tongue unspoken in this strange new country, were waiting for they knew not what, to go they knew not where, or how or when. All looked troubled, some were weeping. Itzig knew they would be cared for in time, so he turned away group after group of tearful people, saying to himself that sad stories were bad stories, and he was ordered to get a good story.

"Suppose I found a oily immigrant?" he thought. "Wouldn't that be news?"

He chuckled, and over the vale of tears he looked in search of a smiling face. Not one. He passed on among the peasants, seeking everywhere. Not a smile could he see.

"Oh well," he said, "I'll take what I can get."

A laugh! He heard a laugh from the detention-pen down stairs and off he scurried in his chase of merriment.

The peasants below were held for a close examination that day. They were the most frightened lot in the building for they had seen their ship made acquaintances passed into America, out through the front door, while they were sent back for reasons not told them. But in the gloom of the dark, low room Itzig approached the group.

The young man was sort of a peasant dandy, and not a very pleasant chap to look upon, for he looked bad. Itzig took a dislike to him at once. The other peasants evidently held him in awe, for their attitudes were deferential, and their attention was fixed upon him.

Itzig saw, too, that he had his story, for on the young fellow's arm was a girl. She was a round, roly-poly maiden with large red cheeks, a weak but good natured mouth, and eyes that showed she was good. I zig liked her rather; and for that reason he disapproved of the match. That fellow ought not to have that girl.

But he slipped along to a bench in the darkest corner near by, and listened. An east side Jew himself, I zig understood most of what was said.

"He's a soft one," said the dandy. "He'll never make a fortune in America, and how can he support a pretty wife? He needs a wife who will support him, so I'll just take his care, and let him get one here who will take care of him."

The crowd smiled, the dandy laughed, and although the girl hung her head, she seemed to agree.

I zig peered around through a break in the circle, saw a plain young man sitting on a small trunk, with his face buried in his hands.

"So my story isn't all gay," thought Itzig. "Think of a fellow bringing a girl to America, and then leaving her alone on the ship! The dandy was saying."

"He was scasick," said the girl, gently. "Well, would you marry a man who gets sick when you might be drowning?"

The girl hung her head again. "And what would you have done for company if I hadn't treated you to cakes, and American candy, and all the good things?"

The girl said nothing. "Is that so?" asked Itzig, turning to the old man next to him. "Did he treat the girl to good things when her lover lay sick?"

"Yes. He spent money like water. He had fifty rubles, and he spent all but five. Not on her alone, though. He treated everybody, most of all himself; but next to himself he treated her the most."

"And did her lover know all about it?" "Yes, but he couldn't help it. He was sick—oh, very sick, and the other people told him about it. But what could he do?"

"Who paid her passage out?" asked Itzig. "Her lover. He wants to get married now, and the other fellow won't let the girl go. She wants to, but they all laugh at her and she is bashful."

Itzig walked off. "I've got half a story," he said to himself, "but it isn't a good story because it ends bad. I must make a good man of it, and I must make it for the first edition."

ing all the officials till he reached the office of the examining board. There were the commissioners reading the papers, talking to friends, or smoking in silence. They all looked up when Itzig entered, and he beckoned them to gather up around him.

"Now about the door, and shut it from the outside," he said to the attendant.

"That was done, and what Itzig said to the commissioners he never told. In a few minutes, however, the bell rang, the attendant went in, and the board had come to order.

"Bring up Numbers 13, 67, and 103," said the chairman.

The attendant disappeared, and when he came back he had with him the peasant dandy, the girl, and the poor fellow who had lost her by sickness.

"What's your name?" asked the president of the girl. The interpreter gave the question in Yiddish.

"Anna Meyerowitz," she said, swallowing a big lump.

"How old are you?" "Eighteen."

"Who paid your passage?" She pointed to her bereaved lover. The chairman turned to him.

"And you, what's your name?" "Benjamin Kladdich."

"What did you bring the girl here for?" "To be my wife."

"Well, why don't you marry her, then?" "This other man got her to love him."

"Did he? How do you know?" "He says so."

"What do she say?" "Nothing."

"Well, that isn't the way we do in America. Why don't you ask her?"

"She has a tongue let her speak. The girl was about to speak, but the chairman stopped her with, 'No wait.' He turned to the dandy, who was not laughing now. He looked as frightened as the others.

"What is your name?" "Pincus Schlimmerwitz."

"What do you want with this other man's girl?" "Oh I was just having a little fun."

The girl glanced at him and then drew away.

"Well, did you have your fun?" "Yes sir." He was growing bolder now.

"Did it cost you much money?" "Yes sir."

"How much have you got left?" "Five rubles."

"Any friends or relatives in this country?" "No, sir."

"Well, sir, five rubles are not enough with which to land. You'll have to go back to Russia."

The dandy's hands dropped limp beside him.

"How much have you got?" asked the president of Benjamin Kladdich.

"One hundred rubles," answered Benjamin. "You didn't spend much on the ship?"

"No, sir. I was sick."

"You may land."

The girl was the next one to be questioned by the president.

Hallifax, Oct. 29, to the wife of Philip Boyle, a daughter.

Prize, Oct. 29, to the wife of Wm. Tetric, a daughter.

Farrington, Oct. 19, to the wife of Capt. Llewellyn, daughter Frey.

Bridgewater, Oct. 25, to the wife of Morris Walsh, a daughter.

Windsor, Nov. 2, to the wife of Charles King, a daughter.

Hallifax, Nov. 2, to the wife of Harry Fraser, a daughter.

Falmouth, Nov. 2, to the wife of Frank Lawrence, a daughter.

Bridgetown, Oct. 28, to the wife of Arthur Charlton, a daughter.

Londonburg, Oct. 25, to the wife of Clifford Jefferson, a daughter.

North Sydney, Oct. 19, to the wife of Parkay Cann, a daughter.

North Sydney, Oct. 29, to the wife of Capt. Hickey, a daughter.

North Sydney, Oct. 30, to the wife of Rev. A. McLean, a son.

Ottawa, Oct. 25, Isaac Wilson to Josie Lewis.

Dieby, Oct. 22, Isabel Thibert to Miss Eliza Fowler.

Boston, Nov. 1, Geo. Vanhan to Miss Eva Sterling.

Fall River, Mass., Oct. 18, Clinton Padellaro to Eva Winlow.

Dieby, by Rev. W. H. Evans, Haylett Syda to Eva Winlow.

Yarmouth, by Rev. A. McNitch, Wm. Atkinson to Annie Hunt.

Canoe, Oct. 19, by Rev. A. Hookis, Angus Munro to Miss M. Dickie.

Falmouth, Oct. 26, by Rev. John Reeks, M. Selter to Gertrude Sullivan.

Yarmouth, by Rev. A. M. McNitch, Israel Athinson to Annie Hunt.

Bridgetown, by Rev. F. M. Young, John H. Allen to Cassie Wagstaff.

Windsor, Oct. 25, by Rev. A. Shaw Geo. Johnson to Cora McFadden.

Main Street, Oct. 8, by Rev. H. Shaw, William Swinn to Eva Foster.

Belmont, Oct. 25, by Rev. Wm. Dawson, Chas. Gilroy to Cora Strahan.

Stellarton, Oct. 31, by Rev. W. Tuffin, Wm. Smith to Louise Cunningham.

Windsor, Oct. 25, by Rev. Mr. Henry, Walter Bacon to Myrtle Fletcher.

Windsor, 8 p. m., by Rev. H. Dickie, Charles Dykens to Sarah King.

Woodstock, by Rev. A. L. Page, Joseph Carmichael to Bertie Nichol.

Windsor, Oct. 25, by Rev. Mr. Henry, Walter Bacon to Myrtle Fletcher.

Before the Roof Leaks THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CREOSOTE PAINTS make it water-proof and save it from decay with THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CREOSOTE PAINT, the original creosote paint. It will cost less than to let the roof go and repair the leaks. Use it on shingle roofs—any kind of wooden roofs. Creosote prevents decay.

CANADIAN PACIFIC Travel in Comfort ON THE PACIFIC EXPRESS. A TOURIST SLEEPER On above train every Thursday, from MONTREAL and runs to SEATTLE, without change.

Dominion Atlantic Ry. On and after Monday, Oct. 2nd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert, ST. JOHN AND DIGBY. Lve. St. John at 7.00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; ar. Digby 9.30 a. m., Friday 11.45 a. m., ar. St. John, 3.35 p. m.

S.S. Prince George. S. S. Prince Arthur. YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and swiftest steamers plying out of Boston. Leave Yarmouth, N. S., Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving at Boston early next morning.

Intercolonial Railway On and after Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899 trains will run daily (Sunday excepted). TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Pictou and Halifax 7.25 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou 7.45 Express for Sussex 10.40 Express for Quebec, Montreal 11.30 Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney 12.10

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO'Y New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line. Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Reed's Point), November 14th, 24th and December 8th, and weekly thereafter. Retuning steamers leave NEW YORK, PIER 6, NORTH RIVER (Battery Place), November 9th, 19th and 29th, for EASTPORT, ME., and ST. JOHN direct. After the above dates, sailings will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on the line.

VOL. XII, N. Who V There has not been much importance in or about late. The newspapers in sensation except those that come from other places. The disagreeable monotony of Sunday morning when the little page down the Bay that murder and piracy had the Bay. The first report worst and so it was in this way it was found amounted the murder; report was to Baisley, a resident of the N. popular sea going man was house at Dipper Harbor station by a sailor on his vessel which had come to anchor a bor with the murderer on board.

How the deed was done between the captain and Maxwell sailed with him as mate before the sailing of the master and his fall and bravely rescued by his mate and a sailor, who rowed ashore; all this has been printed need not be related to here.

When Maxwell was arrested to the city he was lodged in the station and the charge made against him remained in the police station (Tuesday) and up to the time of the trial (Friday) was in the same way he was not taken to the court that has many sides to it. His name down on the sheet morning and headed it in the police magistrate. The prisoners were brought up in Maxwell was among them and drunks on the long bench. At remained for the magistrate to him or of the report on the sheet he had heard the city cases and of the drunks he passed out room and went about his business.

What was to become of Maxwell these circumstances? Clearly but to take him back to the cell what was done and the prisoner in the basement of the police building was brought out to be pronounced Wednesday evening in court room. Dr. Berryman held quest. Whether he had a right seems to be a question with some who are disposed to quibble over the matter but there is no doubt that he had to be held by somebody and e right that it should be in St. the ship sailed from this port and tain belated here.

So rightly or wrongly the inquiry held. Whether an inquest was necessary or not is questioned by high authority said in his opinion it necessary as there was no doubt man's guilt. There was no question the murderer was and the preliminary animation should have gone on in the inquest.

The coroner committed Maxwell but when the prisoner was presented sheriff, that official refused to accept the man. He wanted to know if the magistrate had committed him. was the coroner. Well this brought another nice question and while being considered Maxwell remained police station. The police wanted nothing to do with him as sheriff would not take him without committed by him.

It is stated that there was no intention of interfering with anybody in all this sheriff told PROGRESS it made no sense to him but as the case was like a difficult one involving many nice questions between the United States and Canada he did not feel like keeping a man in custody without he had in his judgment best authority for doing so. The coroner said later to this paper's representative that he had full power to commit prisoner, according to his idea.

All this was due to the fact that crime was committed on the sea and the vessel was from land in the question. The jury's verdict says the schooner was upon the high seas and that means that the prisoner should be tried in the United States.

The Van Dusen was an American vessel and should have been captained by an American captain. The fact that Baisley was a British subject may not make